

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XI. No. 22

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 27, 1921

Three Hilltop Adventures.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

Adventure II.

The Rhubarb Treasure Trail.

Illustrations by George T. Tobin.

ALL the morning Margaret and Henry had been busy over their stamp albums, delighted to find a taste in common. "I expect a letter any day now from Cousin Tassie out in China," Margaret told her companion. "I watch for her letters because they're so interesting, and 'most every time she sends me a rare stamp."

"That's why you have so many good ones, isn't it?" inquired the lad.

"Yes, of course. It will be time for the rural carrier as soon as we get to the bottom of our hill. Come on after the mail."

Always ready for exercise, the boy joined her, and on the half-mile tramp downhill Margaret talked constantly of Cousin Tassie, the expected letter, and the desired stamp. Henry felt a bit envious because he had nobody to send him foreign letters; but when the box had disgorged its contents, he was exulting in a fat epistle from home, and cards from several of his mates. Margaret had nothing that day.

Henry read his mail while climbing the hill. Margaret walked up in sulky silence. She was a bit homesick and very much disappointed that the desired pleasure had failed to materialize, and she showed it plainly.

The two cousins, who were visiting their author-uncle on this lonely hill-farm, delivered the mail to Uncle George at his study out in the yard, then went to the farmhouse. Mrs. Bassett, the housekeeper, noticing Margaret's gloom, asked kindly: "Do you two want to go to the Bijah Felton place and get some rhubarb for pies? We're all sick of blueberries, and there isn't another thing in town to use."

"I'm ready to do anything," declared Margaret, restlessly.

"So'm I, if it promises any fun," agreed Henry. "That's the big deserted house on the private road half-way up the hill. We haven't explored that yet, Margaret."

"I don't care," replied sulky Margaret. "I suppose we might as well go there as anywhere."

"The best rhubarb is in the 'new' garden back of the house. Mr. Felton left word for the neighbors to use the fruit on the place any way they liked," said Mrs. Bassett.

"The old place ought to be interesting. Rainy weather and twisting my foot have kept us from finding out. Maybe we'll unearth a real adventure there, who

knows?" asked the boy, trying to cheer up his companion.

"I doubt it. Adventures are not so common in these wilds," was all he could get out of Margaret.

"Why, the grass in this private way looks as if a team had passed recently," remarked Henry as they left the rocky main road.

"It may look that way, but who is there to drive through?" flashed Margaret. "We're the only people on the hill, and the Bassetts never drive in here. They said so."

"Here's some rhubarb, side of the house," remarked Henry.

"The stalks are little and spindly," objected Margaret. "Mrs. Bassett said the best ones were back of the house."

"In the 'new' garden," quoted the boy. "How can anything so old be really 'new'?"

Margaret smiled at this, but the smile faded as she glanced in at one window of the long-closed house where a curtain

rattle as if some large body were being hurled desperately against a closed door.

"It sounds like a cat crying," said Henry.

"It's throwing itself against something, trying to get out," added Margaret. "What a nuisance! I suppose we've got to find a way to rescue it."

"Let's walk clear around the house and see where the cat is," Henry suggested. At last they found it, as a black furry head peered at them from a cellar window that refused to open. "I'll have to go in at the pantry window and get the cat," decided Henry. "You wait for me. I'll only be gone a minute."

Timid Margaret was not willing to wait outside nor did she wish to enter the dusty house. For a moment she wavered, then said, "If you go in, I shall, too."

Henry frowned thoughtfully, because he could swarm over the window-sill, but he must hunt a step for Margaret. Some old bricks piled up in the yard answered the purpose, and soon the two were inside the empty, echoing pantry. "Look here," cried the girl, "somebody has been here. There's the mark of immense boots in the dust on the floor, and tracks where a cat has walked."

"It must be the cat we're after," remarked Henry. "Let's try all the doors until we find the cellar door."

"I hope the wretched creature won't be half-starved," said Margaret.

"Couldn't raise any such rumpus if he was," returned the boy. "Here, puss-cat, come out and show yourself." Out of the open doorway leaped an immense black cat, its white boots and necktie covered with dust and cobwebs.

"Poor kitty," said Margaret, bending to pat him. "Why, Henry, he's as fat and round as can be. Isn't he glad to get out!" Margaret's sulkiness vanished as she patted the great cat, that rubbed against them both and purred like a saw-mill.

Henry was staring at something dingy white tacked to the inside of the door itself. He pulled down the soiled bit of pasteboard and took it to the light.

NOTICE.

TREASURE IS HIDDEN BY
HUNTERS IN UNEXPECTED PLACES.
WANTED BY MANY, FEW FIND IT.
FOLLOW THE CLUES AND THE
KEY WILL LEAD YOU TO IT.

"How curious!" exclaimed the boy, forgetting tramps, rhubarb, and everything else. "Look here, Cousin, did you ever see anything so funny?"

"There are letters in the loop of the key," said Margaret, with awakening interest. "An 'F' and a 'W.' The thing must have been there a long time to be



"Hurrah, here she comes!"

was raised. "Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, "that bed is tumbled as if somebody had slept there. The idea of leaving it all mussed up like that!" Orderly Margaret shuddered at the sight.

Henry also looked in, and his face clouded, but for a different reason. "Tramps" was the disturbing thought that came to him. He was only a boy, and he must guard Margaret and not alarm her. Probably they had better hurry and get the rhubarb as quickly as possible, then go. "Here's a window open. It must be the pantry," he said suddenly, as they turned the corner of the ell.

"Yes," agreed Margaret, noting the rows of dusty dishes on the shelves. "How stupid of those folks. Do you suppose we ought to shut it? Rain might get in and spoil things."

Henry meditated. He was not apt to stop to think, but he felt a sense of responsibility about Margaret. Before he could reply, a sound of piteous meowing came to their ears, accompanied by a

so dusty and faded. Do you suppose there are any more of them?"

"Let's hunt and see," cried the lad. "This is good fun, and so long as we're here we might as well enjoy ourselves. I guess I'll hunt in the dining-room and you take the kitchen, will you?"

With pussy tagging at Margaret's heels, the two went eagerly on their search. Margaret found one card on the inside of the wall of the old wooden sink in the kitchen, close to its door. Henry, suddenly deciding to try the pantry instead of the dining-room, climbed the shelves in some fashion of his own and took a third card from a yellow bowl, the top one in a nest of similar bowls on a high shelf.

"The cards are all printed with a big pencil on pieces from old pasteboard boxes," said Margaret. "I wonder who put them in such queer places."

"I don't care who put them there," laughed the boy. "I know who's *found* 'em, but the things won't do us any good unless we can read them."

"There are five lines of printing on each card," went on Margaret, thoughtfully. "I read of a spy in a book that used a cipher where every fifth word made sense. F. W. might stand for fifth word." They tried to make sense of the first card with every fifth word, then every fourth, with no result.

"The cards may be in some regular order," Margaret remarked. "Perhaps they start with the one on the cellar door and lead gradually away from it."

"In that case the cellar door card would be the first. What idiots we are! Look, Cousin; there's a tiny faint 'a' in the solid part of the key."

"And a 'b' on the card I found, and a 'c' on the pantry placard. Anyway we'll hunt for the rest of the cards and maybe some one of them will show us how to read them."

They searched the dining-room in vain, going over and over all the hiding-places they could think of. Margaret put up a window-shade a few inches, and pussy, jumping to the window-sill, struck the curtain and knocked a folded piece of paper from somewhere.

"Where did that come from?" demanded Henry, picking it up and unfolding it.

Margaret looked at the paper, which bore this inscription:

CURTAIN HEMS ARE INNOCENT, YET
HEMS MAY CONCEAL CLUES
IN SOME WAY. HAVE YOU TRIED
DINING FROM THE COOKIE-JAR?
ROOM THERE IS BETTER THAN
COMPANY.

"Curtain hems!" exclaimed Margaret. "It was tucked into the end of the hem on the shade, and pussy knocked it out."

"Curtain hems in dining-room," read Henry, taking the first word in each line. "I have it now. F. W. means *first* word. Hurrah! Let's find the rest of 'em."

"The second card reads: 'Boys preferred. Look under sink.' And the third says, 'Wise lads search in pantry,' when you read the first words," added Margaret.

They tried the other rooms on the lower floor, but found nothing to interest them, and the dust, darkness, and the musty smell of a long-closed house made

them come back to the dining-room and start upstairs. Margaret was half-willing to give up the search, but her cousin's interest infected her once more. Besides, she realized that she had been cross and was sorry.

Henry pulled a card off the last stair before they reached the landing, where it gleamed dimly white. "We're all right. This is 'e.' It says, 'Back stairs lead to trail.' This is easy when you know how."

"Anything is. I'll find the next one, see if I don't," replied Margaret. The big half-low bedroom in the ell contained the next clue. Margaret found it back of the looking-glass hung over the old-fashioned mahogany bureau. "Here it is," she proclaimed.

"Boy's room to big attic," translated Henry. "We're on the trail."

They were some time locating the corner-stairway that wound up to the great attic over the main part of the large house. There were a good many things stored there, and it was only when Henry mounted a pile of old chests that he spied near the peak of the roof a familiar-looking card. He knocked it down with an old fish-pole standing in a corner.

"Let me read *this* one," urged Margaret, now as eager as he. "You read mine last time."

With the devoted cat crowding into her lap as she sat on the floor and flicked the dust off the card, Margaret read, "G' says, 'The next locates the treasure.'"

They had a royal hunt for the last card up and down and over things and in and out until Margaret's quick eye spied a white edge peering from under an old trunk. Together they dragged the trunk aside and together they informed the black cat that "H" reads this way: "Between twentieth and twenty-first rafters west."

They counted the rafters, but nothing in the least like treasure appeared to their expectant gaze. "Suppose it's all a humbug?" queried Henry, greatly disappointed.

"Between tin covers the twentieth package find. The twenty-first you may divide. Rafters uphold the roof, and west is where the sun sets," repeated Margaret, meditatively, the whole text on the last card. "The treasure must be in a tin box, then."

"Houses have double walls," suggested Henry. "A small tin box could be hung between them. I'll reach my arm down and see. There's a nail here and a wire going down from it. I'll pull up the wire. Hurrah, here she comes!" he ended triumphantly as a small wire-bound tin box, rusty and dusty, came in sight.

Together the excited children opened it. Inside were twenty packages of old postage-stamps tied with thread, and the twenty-first was sealed in a small envelope. Both children were victims of the stamp fever, and these packages contained many rare ones that must have come from very old letters. Side by side on the dusty floor they examined, and exclaimed, and discussed the equitable division. At last the pangs of hunger suggested that they had come originally on a different errand. So they pocketed the treasures and descended the stairs. On the lowest step the black cat sat up like a little dog begging. He eyed the door wistfully.

"We left the attic door ajar and now it's shut. I can't open it," said Margaret, in surprise.

"Wind must have shut it," said her

cousin. "Old doors often stick like that. Get out of the way and let me try." In spite of his utmost efforts he could not move it. There was no other way out of their lofty prison and no effort both could make would start the door the smallest fraction of an inch. They wisely sat down again on the stairs and interested themselves once more in the stamps, and the cat went to sleep in Margaret's lap.

So deep were the cousins in their treasures that they did not hear a man ascend the stairs below nor did they look up until a man's voice said: "Well! Where on earth did you youngsters come from? And where did you find my old black Peter?"

The children looked up into the kind old face, and Margaret exclaimed, "Why, you must be Mr. Felton!"

"That's my name. I live now with my daughter in Raymond. I came back for some things, and old Peter came with me. I'm old and forgetful now, and I took away the things after sleeping here a night and got half-way across the mountain before I thought of my cat."

"We came for the rhubarb, but found Peter first, then the treasure cards," explained Henry. "Why, sir, the stamps must be yours instead of ours."

"Keep 'em," said Mr. Felton, smiling. "Their grandmother fixed up that game years ago for her grandchildren, but the boys went to war and never came to get the stamps. Keep 'em yourselves."

So the treasure hunters went happily home with no further thought of rhubarb.

Close Relations.

Beauty is akin to Health;
Health and Happiness are "blood relations";
Happiness is always Wealth—
Wealth to persons and to nations.

American Red Cross Magazine.

Easily Classified.

TWO English boys, being friends of Darwin, thought one day they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle, and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head and glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. "Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?"

Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered, nudging one another.

"Then," said Darwin, "it is a humbug." —New York Tribune.

The cheery caller tried to persuade old Aunt Martha not to dwell upon her troubles, telling her she would feel happier if she ignored them. "Well, honey," said the old lady, "I dunno 'bout dat. I allus 'lowed when de Lord send me tribulations He done spec' me to tribulate." —Boston Transcript.

The Fairy Bugle Call.

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

THE sun goes down, and the lowland mist
Envelops moor and castle wall:
The sturdy folk of the heather list
For the thin, sweet notes of a bugle call:—
Tantivy ta! tantivy ta!
The fairies' gathering bugle call.

Years have passed: I have left the glen,
Living far from my father's hall;
Yet I seem to hear it now, as then,
The elfin ring of that bugle call:—
Tantivy ta! tantivy ta!
The fairies' gathering bugle call.

It draws me back—I must go once more
Back to the moors in the early fall;
For my heart is stirred to the very core
When I hear that silvery bugle call:—
Tantivy ta! tantivy ta!

The fairies' gathering bugle call.

In the Land of Heather.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SPOTS MADE FAMOUS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY ALLEN HENBY WRIGHT.

IT has been a number of years," began Uncle Jim, "since I made my last trip through Scotland, but its many enjoyable experiences and the impressions made by the new scenes and the interesting people are all fresh in my memory, and now that you are studying the works of one of the greatest Scottish writers that the world has known, Jack, you and the others may want me to tell something about that country, which, with England and Wales, is a part of Great Britain.

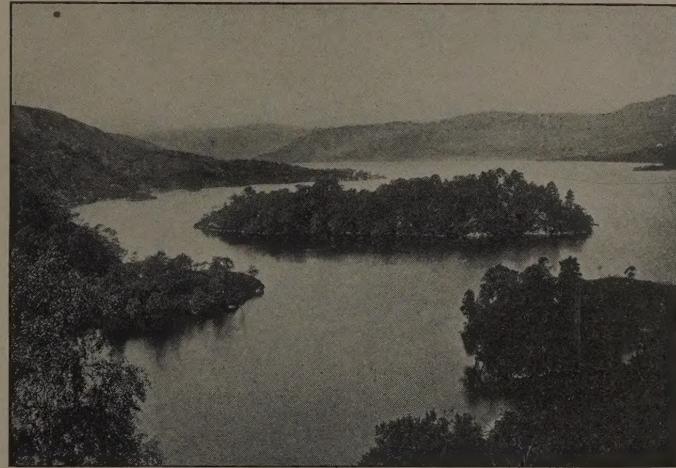
"I had concluded my visit in and about London, and was due to sail back for the United States in about two weeks, so I decided to travel northward through Leeds and other English manufacturing cities to the Scotch border, and so on into Edinburgh, the one-time seat of a Northumbrian king named Edwin, or Eadwin. It is supposed that the city gained its name from him.

"In a way, Edinburgh reminded me of the Canadian city of Quebec, as parts of the Scotch capital are on lofty hills rising from the levels of the Firth of Forth, across which a great bridge has been built. Quebec, as some of you may remember, has much of its area upon a high plain well above the St. Lawrence River.

"Even though Edinburgh can claim to be one of the most ancient cities in the British Empire, it has never reached the state of being the largest, and to-day it is credited with a population of less than a half-million, and its sister city of Glasgow has gone far ahead of it in recent years, thus taking second place in Great Britain in the matter of the number of its residents.

"Though Edinburgh with its interesting palace and abbey of Holyrood dating back to the line of kings and queens who once ruled Scotland has much to hold the attention of the visitor, to me there came a call that was even stronger, and that was to visit the scenes made memorable by Sir Walter Scott, the poet of whom I spoke when I began.

"Our route took us in a northwesterly



ELLEN'S ISLE IN LOCH KATRINE, SCOTLAND.

direction, crossing the Forth bridge, and thence on to Stirling and up to Callander, which, by the way, Helen, does not necessarily have anything to do with the days of the week or month. There we were getting fairly into the land of the 'lochs,' or lakes, and the mountains whose names all begin with 'Ben,' the Scotch word meaning peak.

"At Callander we transferred to a coach and then to a little steamer and soon were making our way the length of one of the smaller lochs, through the section of Scotland generally known as the Trossachs. On Loch Katrine, which figures so prominently in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, we had pointed out to us many of the scenes described in that great poem. There were 'Ellen's Isle,' 'The Silver Strand,' and other points of interest.

"We could almost imagine that we could hear the baying of the hounds as they pursued the stag over the rocky crags, as Sir Walter so vividly tells us, and we almost wondered if Roderick Dhu and his Saxon visitor would not step out from the brake and again go through that combat which thrills the reader of 'The Lady of the Lake.'

"It takes but a short space of time to ride the length of Loch Katrine, and as we again take to the highway we find the children of the 'tinkers,' as the types of gypsies found in Scotland are called, calling to us from the roadside, offering handfuls of heather which they have gathered along the way. We buy several bunches, at a penny each, to take home with us as mementos of the day.

"On Loch Lomond we again take a steamer for another short trip, and then we board a train which brings us into Glasgow, the great commercial city on the Clyde, one of the greatest ship-building points in the world. The Clyde may not make a very favorable impression upon us so far as its waters look, for they are far from clear, but its banks are lined with industries and there is activity everywhere.

"Glasgow with its university and its museums and libraries can keep a visitor occupied for several weeks, but with Ayr so close by one wants to take a day or two for a visit to the section which is proud to count 'Bobbie' Burns, another of the Scotch poets, as one of its products.

"Ayr is the chief city of Ayrshire, or

Ayr County, from which a breed of cattle takes its name. Clydesdale, named from the river I have mentioned, is a name given to a certain line of high-bred horses, and so on through quite a list of cattle, horses, and dogs we find the names coming from sections of Scotland.

"But getting back to Glasgow we will visit the botanical gardens late in the evening and listen to the bagpipers, taking our places with the many hundreds in the open spaces or taking seats in the pretty nooks of the park. Glasgow is so far north, if you will remember, being on a line with Hudson Bay in Canada and Sitka in Alaska, that the summer evenings are very long, so far as twilight is concerned, and I remember that I was able to read outdoors after ten o'clock at night. It seemed as though I had but three or four hours for a night's rest before it was daylight again. I suppose, though, that the Scotch people have to get used to very short hours of daylight in winter as well as long days in summer, and so they don't notice it much. Perhaps some day you can try for yourselves," was Uncle Jim's conclusion, "and see how you like to divide your days in that way."

Church School News.

THE school membership at Taunton, Mass., has increased, this year, from 104 to 139. The minister has an adult class, and a Sunday-school committee of three attends to the needs of superintending. This committee has proved most valuable. A Cradle Roll of twenty-six members promises well for the future of the school.

The Channing Class of the Belmont, Mass., church school gave a dance in the Town Hall for the benefit of the starving children of Europe, turning over to the Red Cross \$57.50 for relief work in the Near East.

An active student-government association has helped to increase interest and enthusiasm among the members of the school at Lexington, Mass.

At San Antonio, Tex., the children of the Sunday-school provided the entertainment at the January dinner of the church. This school is pleased to have enrolled among its members two little Mexican boys, six and eight years of age.



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club.

11 WINTER STREET,
PETERBORO, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club and to wear the button. I am fifteen years old and in the second year of high school.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. Our minister's name is Mr. Cross. Mrs. Fields is our superintendent of Sunday school.

I have been to three different Unitarian Sunday schools.

Yours truly,
FLORENCE WARD.

1722 PIERCE STREET,
SIOUX CITY, IA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am secretary of a class of girls in Sioux City Unitarian Sunday school and they have asked me to write you. There are eight in our class.

We are studying the "Life of Jesus" and we like it very much. Two or three of us sing in the church choir.

Our teacher's name is Mrs. Bond and we all like her. The minister is Rev. Charles E. Snyder.

We are all from twelve to fifteen years of age and are in high school.

December 3 the ladies of the church gave a bazaar and our class helped with the candy table. We made over five dollars with which we bought an automobile race for the Sunday school.

A Brave Heart of Long Ago.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

ONCE, about four hundred years ago, there lived a little boy named Thomas. His father was a great man called Sir John More; he was a judge. It was the custom in those days for little English boys to be sent away from home to be educated, and the child Thomas went to live in the household of Cardinal Morton, who was Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England.

It seems that one time the little boy, without meaning to do so, offended one of Cardinal Morton's chaplains, who was really a bad man. Although he had no right to do so, the chaplain punished the little Thomas by shutting him into a damp, and of course dark, old tomb. Four hundred years ago even a brave man would have disliked being shut up in a tomb; but this is what that little boy did; he sat on the ground of the tomb with his back to the wall, with an arm behind his head, and thus seated, he amused himself by thinking of the Court of the Queen of the Fairies. In a little while he was having a gay time all by himself there in the darkness, imagining what would or might happen in the brightness of a fairy court. He imagined the possible sayings and doings of the different fairies and was really having so beautiful a time that he was sorry when his jailer came, opened the tomb door, and told him to go free.

We know this to be a true story because this little boy became the great man known in English history as Sir Thomas More. King Henry VIII. put him in a

We hope some of the girls will write us and we'll be glad to answer them.

Very truly yours,

BETTY SNYDER.

(The Editor wonders what sort of an "automobile race" may be purchased and what is its use in the church school. Perhaps another member of this class will tell us. No doubt the secretary will furnish names and addresses of the other members on request.)

Other new members of our Club in Massachusetts are Richard A. Cummings and Evelyn Lantz, Athol; Frank L. Mellen, Howard and Virginia Woodard, and Marjorie H. Wright, Brookfield; Elizabeth Ricker, Carlisle; Barbara Frost, Elizabeth Kennedy, and Barbara Meserve, Chestnut Hill; Marion Burritt, Hopedale; Sarah Woodbury, Hudson; Deborah Coffin, Marblehead; Elizabeth E. Eaton, Needham; Mary Russ, Newton; Ruth Miller and Laura Schaefer, Wollaston.

Kingston, Mass., has so many new members that we shall give them a list by themselves in a later number. Several letters are being held for publication when space permits.

famous old prison, the Tower of London, which you may see to this day in the old city of London. And there his daughter Margaret came to visit Sir Thomas More. Of course it grieved her to have her father shut up in the dreadful prison, especially as the king would not even allow him to have books to read; but Sir Thomas More comforted her. He told her this little story about what happened when he was a little boy and shut up in a tomb, and assured her that with a clear conscience and trust in God a boy or man may be cheerful anywhere. He said to her then, when he had finished the story of his boyhood hour of imagining things about the fairies:

"In place, therefore, my daughter, of thinking of me in thy night watches as beating my wings against my cage bars, trust that God comes to look in upon me without knocking or bell-ring."

The Tower of London, as you may know, is on the river Thames, and Sir Thomas More's home was a beautiful country place, also on the river. So that day, when Sir Thomas More's daughter Margaret kissed her father good-bye in the old prison, and then stepped into the boat which was waiting to take her home, she felt comforted, knowing that God was with her father.

On reaching home she told the family this story her father told her of what happened to him when he was a little boy; she told them, too, what Sir Thomas More's last words were to her that day, words as true now as they were that sad time just before the brave man died four hundred years ago:

"Keep dry eyes and a hopeful heart, and reflect that nought but unpardonable sin should make us weep forever."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 4, 11, 12, 13, is something that girls like to wear.

My 14, 3, 6, is part of the body.
My 10, 6, 8, 14, is what the fire gives.
My 7, 11, 13, is worn on the head.
My 4, 3, 5, 6, 4, is a boy's name.
My 3, 4, 8, 12, 13, 6, is a fruit.
My 4, 6, 13, 11, 12, 8, is a girl's name.
My 1, 4, 6, 2, 12, is a color.
My 4, 8, 14, is an animal.
My 10, 8, 14, 9, are worn by nearly everyone.

My 2, 8, 4, sometimes aches.
My 1, 15, 16, 2, means to have left.
My whole is one of the Presidents of the United States.

FLORA PERKINS.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 27, 28, 13, 6, is a thought.
My 9, 6, 11, 18, is a fruit.
My 21, 7, 26, 4, is an insect.
My 24, 25, 22, 23, is a small garden animal.
My 5, 2, 3, 24, is small talk.
My 1, 27, 17, 18, means to have much knowledge.
My 17, 19, 20, 15, is a piece of furniture.
My 14, 16, 11, is to divide into parts.
My 12, 13, is a pronoun.
My 8, 10, 1, 3, is the name of a State.
My whole is a question we should each ask ourselves.

L. S. F.

CHARADE.

When traveling by auto, by trolley or by train, My first you're sure to ride in, to me this is quite plain.
If you have a little poodle, a monkey, or a cat, You also have my second, I'll pledge my word to that.
If on the floor you spill the ink, A spot on my whole there'll be, I think.

D. L. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 20.

ENIGMA XLII.—Recreation Corner.
ENIGMA XLIII.—The American Flag.
HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Linnet. 2. Goose. 3. Ostrich. 4. Heron. 5. Sandpiper. 6. Crane. 7. Lark. 8. Flamingo. 9. Guinea-hen. 10. Penguin.

TWISTED PRESIDENTS.—1. Garfield. 2. Cleveland. 3. Roosevelt. 4. Harrison. 5. Buchanan. 6. Fillmore. 7. Jefferson. 8. Washington. 9. Madison. 10. Jackson.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—L I L L E
T R A I L
F A B L E
C L O C K
M E R R Y
S A D I E
D R A N K
M A Y O R .
Labor Day.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive.



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage authorized in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS CO. (INC.) BOSTON.